Easter Number.

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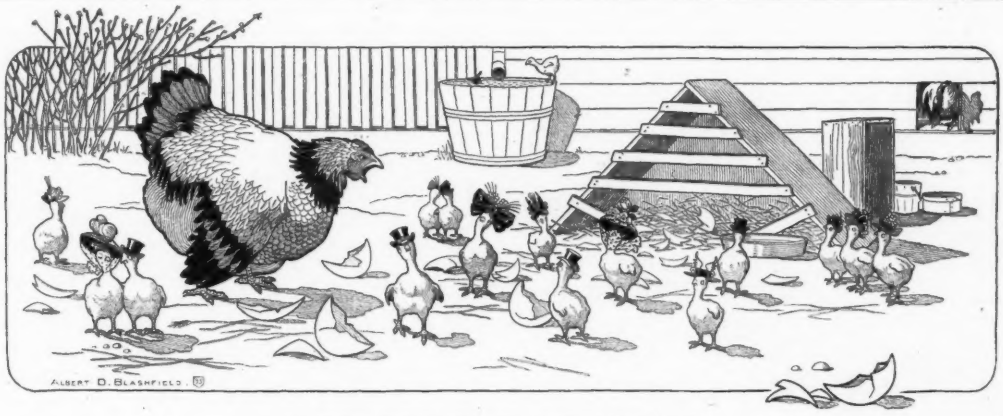
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VOLUME XXV. ·LIFE· NUMBER 641.



EASTER MORNING IN THE BARN-YARD.



The Mother: YES, OUR BABY WEIGHED TWELVE POUNDS WHEN IT WAS BORN.
The Retired Butcher (deeply interested): WITHOUT THE BONES?

HIS REQUIREMENTS.

PAPA: So George is going to leave that place. What is the trouble this time?

MAMMA: He complains that the hours are too long.

PAPA: H'm. I guess George would like to work from twelve till one, with an hour off for luncheon.

THE SPELL OF EASTER.

ALL the avenue aglow,
Chimes in every steeple,
Pretty girls in swarms to show
Bonnets to the people;
Bells above and bells below,
Music in their voices,
This is Easter morn, and so
All the earth rejoices!

Once again Hypatia's dress
Shows a bit of color,
And a careless golden tress
Makes the sunshine duller;
Forty days her loveliness
Has been half-way hidden;
When I begged a smile to bless
Me—it was forbidden.

Now, the Lenten season done,
End the days of sadness;
Comes Hypatia with her fun
Touching all with gladness—
Papa's purse she does not shun—
Take my word upon it—
Presto!—see the dollars run!
That's Hypatia's bonnet!

Felix Carmen.

ISAAC: I call you my Drilpy, tearest.

REBECCA: Und vot must I call you? I haf not read the book.

ISAAC: Call me Svengally. He vos the shentleman hero, what married Drilpy.



"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. XXV. APRIL 11, 1895. No. 641.

19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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MISS MARIE FRASER, an Englishwoman who has written a pleasant book about Samoa, tells about the fashions in tattooing which obtain there. She says: "Though the tattooing may vary a little in design, the decoration is always in the shape of knee-breeches, extending from the waist — where strings tied in knots and other ornamental fastenings are tattooed on the skin — to below the knee. The pattern is very elaborate, with stripes of natural skin intersecting. It is certainly a great improvement to their appearance, for in wet or stormy weather they economically leave their best lava-lavas at home, and wear only a banana-leaf or a girdle of leaves; and should an islander be caught in a heavy shower of rain while wearing only a garment of tapa, the tattooing stands him in good stead, for bark-cloth does not survive wet, and rapidly dissolves into rags. No matter how scantily they may be clad, the tattooing makes them look thoroughly clothed and trim in their appearance."



* * *

LIFE has quoted Miss Fraser's words not so much for the information they give about Samoan fashions as the valuable hint they seem to contain for the alleviation of a difficulty which just now causes no little public embarrassment. The disposition of theatrical managers to exhibit ladies in public with their clothes off is felt to have become so pronounced as to require some check. At the instigation of influential members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in this State, a bill has been introduced by Senator Mullins in the state legislature which would check it. But Senator Mullins's bill is so comprehensive that it would not only do away with much that is customary and probably permissible in the way of theatrical and operatic exhibition, but would seem to make it doubtful whether ladies could go out to dinner in full dress without becoming liable to fine and imprisonment. It would appear as if the end which Senator Mullins and the W. C. T. U. ladies are trying to promote might be judiciously brought about by legislation prescribing for ladies in the business of anatomical display such a permanent suit as this, which Miss Fraser says, makes the Samoans "look thoroughly clothed and trim in appearance." It is evident that what is needed for these ladies is some sort of garment that will not come off. The rule of the contemporaneous manager seems to be "The barer the house the barer the women," and it is a rule with strong pecuniary motives for its enforcement. The Samoan style of drapery would be proof even against the cupidity of the managers, and yet if prescribed only for ladies in the public exhibition business it would not inconvenience persons in private life. The attention of Senator Mullins and his respected instigators is earnestly called to this suggestion. LIFE'S sympathies are cordially with them in their desires, but it cannot help distrusting the expediency of the legislation they have called for.

* * *



THE fact that New York can get the Heine fountain without paying for it is not in itself particularly significant. A good site for such a monument in New York is likely to be worth a great deal more than the monument itself. Heine was a good poet, but his claim to a monument site in New York has no very substantial basis. Give his fountain a place somewhere, but not too good a place. There are at least five hundred deceased persons who have a better title to be remembered in the City of New York than Heine has.

* * *

CONSIDERING the immense prevalence of the newspaper habit, it is surprising how few people know how a newspaper should be read. Begin at the last page, that is the right way. Then with every page that is turned the interest increases, and by the time the editorial page is reached the attention has been greatly stimulated and the mind is in an active state and ready to profit by the reflections of the able leader-writers. Often the reader's leisure will be exhausted before he gets to the first page, and he will avoid many afflicting stories of calamity and crime which would disturb his digestion and leave a bad taste in his mind. No one who tries this method ever forsakes it for any other. LIFE recommends it to its patrons with its blessing.

* * *

AN impatient people is waiting with suppressed clamors for the *Century Magazine* to reach that period in Napoleon's life when he had his hair cut. The long-haired Napoleon is too violent a shock to preconceived ideals.



"MAMMA, DO LIARS EVER GO TO HEAVEN?"
"WHY, NO, PROBABLY NOT."
"HAS PAPA EVER TOLD A LIE?"
"I SUPPOSE NOT; HE MAY HAVE."
"AND, MAMMA, HAVE YOU EVER TOLD ONE? UNCLE JOSEPH HAS, AND I HAVE, AND ALMOST EVERYBODY."
"I DON'T KNOW BUT I HAVE SOMETIMES."
"WELL, IT MUST BE LONESOME UP THERE WITH ONLY GOD AND GEORGE WASHINGTON."

THE KISSES IN THE GRASS.

THE scientists are constantly assuring us of the indestructibility of matter and force.

It was the top of the morning. The sun had just gathered up the dew. "Most favorable weather," Love reflected as he finished weaving himself a little basket of fragrant grass, and set out leisurely across the fields. He looked right and left with bright trained eyes for kisses in the grass. Sometimes he passed one without seeing it at first, but then he went back for it.

As he walked he saw a girl strolling along and stopping to pick up things and put them in a box that was strapped from her shoulder. Love was fond of company, so he hurried a little to join the girl. She looked up at him as she knelt searching for scientific specimens, and she smiled a little, involuntarily, for Love cuts an odd figure when he is out on business. Then she noticed his basket and took him seriously.

"What are you collecting?" she asked.

"What are you?" asked Love.

"I am collecting economic fungi to exchange with other scientists," she said.

"So am I," said Love.

"What is your specialty?" she asked, but just then Love stooped and with a quick motion picked up something and put it into his basket. "What was that?" she asked eagerly.

Love lifted the cover of the basket a little to let her look, and while she was peering in and seeing nothing, he kissed her lightly on the cheek. She did not seem to notice him, but she saw what he had in the basket. "Where did you get them all?" she asked.

"People are so careless with them," he explained, "I have to come out every day and collect them, or they would all get scattered and lost and people would forget about them."

"But doesn't it take you a great deal of time?" she asked.

"Indeed it does," replied Love. "It leaves me almost no time for study. But this is the way I earn my living. It would be easier if I had some one to help me."

"Why, I should be glad to help you," said the girl, "if it were not for my studies."

"Oh, please help me," said Love, "and then I will help you with your studies afterwards."



"Oh, you are so good," said the girl, and at that moment they both saw a kiss in front of them, and hurried to put it in Love's basket.

"We shall get on this way," cried Love, gaily. "You see them as quickly as I." And they went on hand in hand across the fields, and they did not notice that the girl had dropped her collecting box, but then the scientists say that nothing is lost.

Marguerite Tracy.



She: ISN'T THERE SOMETHING BURNING HERE?
"IT IS MY HEART, DARLING."
"OH, DEAR ME! I COULD NEVER LIVE WITH A HEART LIKE THAT!"

A QUERY.

I WENT to church,—a wealthy church up town—
Where millionaires and heiresses are living—
In tight frock coat, and rustling Paris gown
They enter it for worship and thanksgiving—
To hear the anthems—witness the processionals—
All well performed by really skilled professionals.

Strangers are not encouraged to attend;
With ceremony scant the ushers treat them.
Within the Fold the Social Sheep are penned
Ere any shepherd has the time to seat them.
The Social Goats—who then in space contributed
Among the Sheep—are haughtily distributed.

The service is performed with grand effect,
With elocution's art the Gospel's read,
And invitation cards to the elect
Are sent before Communion's held, 'tis said.
In short, the company supplies a ticket—
Best Pullman service to St. Peter's wicket.

I musing left. If in the great unknown
The powers command all angel hosts adore them,
What will *they* do, who have accustomed grown,
To having it all done so nicely for them?
Will they who have no worshipping facility
Employ some seraph harpist of ability?



FOR A MURRAY HILL CHURCH.



"THE BARK WORSE THAN THE BITE."



THE GROWTH OF GREATNESS. IX.

BERTIE.

HIS FIRST PORTRAIT.

UMBERTO, whose principal occupation consists in being King of Italy, has never, so far as the public knows, taken a prize in a beauty show. In his case it is handsome is as handsome does, and he is said to be a very good king as well as a model husband. His social position is good, although he is never invited to tea at the Vatican; in fact he and Pope Leo do not speak as they pass by. This is not due to any lack of breeding on Umberto's part, but is one of those lamentable family feuds handed down from father to son and from Pope to Pope. It had its origin in the fact that Umberto's grandmother hired away from the Vatican a cook who could prepare spaghetti in seventeen different dialects, and who was a special pet of the Pope of that day. From this apparently trifling event sprung the Trojan war, the Sullivan-Corbett fight, the arrest of Charles A. Dana for libel, and many other gruesome occurrences.

Umberto is now fifty-one years of age, and therefore entitled to vote. He has forty-seven pairs of trowsers, and a valet, and drinks Scotch whisky and soda before going to bed. He is an accomplished performer on the concertina, and rarely beats his wife. The most notable event of his reign was the ennobling of a Chicago gentleman prominent in the sleeping-car business. It is said that the gentleman is so grateful that he invariably sleeps in the coronet which goes with the title. Umberto has never yet visited America, but it is rumored that the "Barnum and Bailey show" has secured him for next season.

NO. 652.

A CO-OPERATIVE TRAGEDY.

IT was evening in the co-operative metropolis. In dining-room No. 14, the hundred families of District B. were assembled at their hygienic supper of rice, stewed prunes and cocoa, while automatic waiters moved swiftly and noiselessly along the rows of tables, distributing the food in systematic portions, graded according to age and sex. A phonograph, concealed in an ornamental frame-work in the



HUMBERT RANIERI CARLO EMANUELE GIOVANNI MARIA FERDINANDO EUGENIO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1849.

centre of the room, recited extracts from Henry George, Herbert Spencer, and John Stuart Mill, during the meal, which was scheduled to last precisely thirty-five minutes.

It was a wholesome and improving spectacle. But the aged No. 652, the last of his race and family, who sat at the foot of the last table (because he was too old to be of any service to the state), pushed away his mug of cocoa, and turned from his prunes in bitterness of spirit. Wild memories of the past crowded upon his soul, as he drew from the pocket of his canvas blouse a worn and folded paper and, spreading it upon his knee, bowed his head upon his hand, and wept silently. What was it, that thus had power to draw tears of agony from eyes that had seen the passing of ninety-eight summers unmoved? What hopeless relic of a time long past, and never to return?

Only this:

BROADWAY RESTAURANT.

BILL OF FARE.

Supper.

OYSTERS.

Stewed, Raw, Fried.

SALADS, &c.

Lobster Salad, Lettuce Salad, Plain Lobster,
Boiled Eggs, Beef Stew,
Hot Baked Beans and Brown Bread.

COLD MEATS.

Turkey, Roast Beef, Tongue, Fried Sausage,
Ham, Pickled Lamb's Tongues,
Sliced and Potted Ham Sandwiches,
Sliced Chicken and Tongue Sandwiches.

PASTRY.

Mince, Apple, Custard and Squash Pie,
Lemon, Cream and Cranberry Pie,
Apple Turnovers, Fried Pies and Bowl Custard.

CAKE.

Orange, Angel, Chocolate, Fig, Berwick Sponge,
Cup Cakes, Ribbon, Cream Cakes,
Cookies and Doughnuts.

DRINKS.

Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Beef Tea, Milk,
Bass Pale Ale, Eldredge's Lager,
Frank Jones' Present use and Stock Ales,
Imported and Domestic Wines, Imported and Domestic Ginger Ale,
Soda and Plain Lemonade.

FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON.

Choice line of Candies. Imported, Key West and
Domestic Cigars. Cigarettes and Tobacco.

And still the phonograph droned on; the automatic waiters whirred; the hundred families ate as one;—but the old man heeded them no more. The gong sounded, and the companies rose, and formed in ranks to leave the room; but he stirred not. No. 653 tapped him on the shoulder, and No. 651 jogged him with his elbow—but he was beyond their co-operative reminders. His heart had broken.

P. A. Leonard.



UMBERTO I., KING OF ITALY.

AS HE APPEARS AFTER A FORENOON ON HIS FAVORITE PONY.



"TAKE A SWIG PARD, IT'LL DO YE GOOD."



Officer Casey (ten minutes later): LOOK HERE, RED-SKIN, EITHER GET INSIDE OR I'LL RUN YE IN.

BOOKISHNESS

"A MAN OF MARK."

MR. ANTHONY HOPE has three manners of writing fiction—the poetical romantic style of "The Prisoner of Zenda," the epigrammatic paradox of the "Dolly Dialogues," and the mixture of both manners as in "A Change of Air."

In his latest story "A Man of Mark" (Holt)—(there will be probably several more on the market before this notice reaches the public eye, for Mr. Hope is fast outrunning Mr. Crawford in the prolific writing of novels)—he returns to the entrancing manner of "The Prisoner of Zenda." An unprejudiced reader will have to admit that "A Man of Mark" is inferior to "Zenda" in only one respect—the general rascality of all its characters, a uniformity of cynical worldliness that prevents the sympathies attaching themselves to the fortunes of a real hero. But by way of compensation the later story is more plentifully charged with humor, and the plot is every whit as original as that of "Zenda."

There is a beautiful audacity in domesticating the reader with the inner political circle of a little South American Republic. The whole game of playing at revolution is pictured with such nearness and intimacy of view that the wildest things happen as though they were everyday occurrences. Moreover, so insidious is the influence of bad company that the reader is most of the time a partisan of the biggest rogue of the quartette.

* * *

THIS little story contains two triumphs of picturesque description—the overthrow and escape of the President, and the night attack on the bank.

But for a subtle bit of character-drawing the charmingly wicked *Christina* is equal to anything that Mr. Hope has done with the possible exception of the always piquant *Dolly*.



One habit, however, is growing upon him that his honest admirers don't like—the habit of specious paradoxes of the kind manufactured by machinery in the plays of Oscar Wilde. It is a very simple artifice and hardly worthy of a man who understands thoroughly how to write good, straightaway dialogue. All that is necessary to win the applause of the gallery is simply to assert as a solemn truth what every sensible man knows to be rank nonsense.

As a constructor of tales Mr. Hope takes the shortest line between his characters and the culminating situation. He cares nothing for ornamental digressions, and very little for psychology, except the kind that expresses itself in dialogue. He therefore holds two audiences—the one that likes brilliant writing for its own sake, and the one that likes a good story for its own sake. It is a good combination for popularity.

Droch.

A GOOD REASON.



PETER CROMLEY, one of the old-time leather merchants of New York, had built up his business and amassed a fortune by strict attention to details and the practice of petty economies, and anything involving unnecessary expenditure was to him a matter of the deepest concern. Among those who knew him he was proverbial as being one who looked at a dollar more than once before parting with it. To appreciate this fact was to have the key to his character. Among Mr. Cromley's clerks was a young man named Henry Wilter, who belonged to that class of the younger generation who are fond of the good things of life, and who are willing to make sacrifices to obtain them. Wilter was in the habit of getting his luncheon every day at one of the most expensive restaurants in the neighborhood, much to the concern of his employer, who ate his frugal mid-day meal at a small lunch counter nearby. It annoyed the old gentleman exceedingly to see his clerk spending every day three or four times as much as he thought was necessary, but he said nothing about it until the end of the year, when he called Wilter into his office.

"Henry," he said, "while the business doesn't warrant it, I had thought of giving you a slight increase in your pay, but I have observed that every day you eat at a place that I cannot afford to patronize, although I suppose I am worth a good deal more than you are. And so I have decided that if you can afford to do this sort of thing, you can well afford to live on your present salary."

"Very well, sir," replied Wilter politely, and bowed himself out. Six months passed by, but there was no change in the clerk's habits. He still continued to patronize his favorite restaurant, and his employer inward-chaffed at it. Finally one day, unable to see such extravagance going on longer, he again called his clerk into his office.

"Wilter," he said, "I observe that you still continue in your old habits, and I am sorry to see that you are willing to sacrifice your prospects in such a manner. You have not only lost the additional pay that you might have secured, but you are also spending more money than you should. I was in hopes that you would profit by my hint, but it doesn't seem to have produced the desired effect."

"Mr. Cromley," said Wilter, "I had intended not to explain my position, but now that you force me to speak, I will tell you the truth. The fact is, I have an arrangement with the proprietor of the restaurant where I get my lunch every day, that if I bring him all the trade I can I get my meals free. I am pretty well-known, and it is a comparatively easy thing for me to say in conversation that I get my luncheon at a certain restaurant, and consider it the best place. Thus my friends are well pleased, the proprietor's pockets are lined, and I get my lunch every day for nothing."

"And do you mean to say," gasped Mr. Cromley, "that you have been doing this thing right along? My boy, that shows a business instinct that I didn't dream you possessed. But when I called you into my office, six months ago, why in the world didn't you tell me this then?"

"I didn't dare do it, sir," modestly replied Wilter.

"But, why not?" persisted Mr. Cromley. "I should have said nothing, and I don't see any reason why you shouldn't have told me."

"Well, you see, sir," replied Wilter, "I was afraid that you might want to take my place." *Tom Masson.*



Agatha (aloft): As I suspected! She is a waitin' for Hennery. Heaven guide me! Shill I wait till *he* arrives an' taunt him with his hypocrassy, or shill I throw myself on her new Easter bonnet an' crush it?







"THE HOWLY SAINTS! ME FIRST CRIME AND HERE COMES ROUNDSMAN DOOLEY!"

PERSONAL.

"SHOULD this meet the eye of Corbett,"
Said Fitzsimmons, regarding his fist,
"Of something to his disadvantage
He'll learn, or my guess will be missed."

MY FINANCIAL CAREER.



WHEN I go into a bank, I get rattled. The clerks rattle me; the wickets rattle me; the sight of the money rattles me; everything rattles me.

The moment I cross the threshold of a bank, I am a hesitating jay. If I attempt to transact business there I become an irresponsible idiot.

I knew this beforehand, but my salary had been raised to fifty dollars a month, and I felt that the bank was the only place for it.

So I shambled in and looked timidly round at the clerks. I had an idea that a person about to open an account must needs consult the manager.

I went up to a wicket marked "Accountant." The accountant was a tall, cool devil. The very sight of him rattled me. My voice was sepulchral.

"Can I see the manager?" I said, and added solemnly, "alone." I don't know why I said "alone."

"Certainly," said the accountant, and fetched him.

The manager was a grave, calm man. I held my fifty-six dollars clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket.

"Are you the manager?" I said. God knows I didn't doubt it.

"Yes," he said.

"Can I see you?" I asked, "alone?" I didn't want to say "alone" again, but without it the thing seemed self-evident.

The manager looked at me in some alarm. He felt that I had an awful secret to reveal.

"Come in here," he said, and led the way to a private room. He turned the key in the lock.

"We are safe from interruption here," he said, "sit down."

We both sat down and looked at one another. I found no voice to speak.

"You are one of Pinkerton's men, I presume," he said.

He had gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a detective. I knew what he was thinking and it made me worse.

"No, not from Pinkertons," I said, seemingly to imply that I came from a rival agency.

"To tell the truth," I went on, as if I *had* been prompted to lie about it, "I am not a detective at all. I have come to open an account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank."

The manager looked relieved, but still serious; he concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild, or a young Gould.

"A large account, I suppose," he said.

"Fairly large," I whispered. "I propose to deposit fifty-six dollars now, and fifty dollars a month regularly."

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant.

"Mr. Montgomery," he said, unkindly loud, "this gentleman is opening an account; he will deposit fifty-six dollars. Good morning."

I rose.

A big iron door stood open at the side of the room.

"Good morning," I said, and stepped into the safe.

"Come out," said the manager coldly, and showed me the other way.

I went up to the accountant's wicket and poked the ball of money at him with a quick convulsive movement as if I were doing a conjuring trick.

My face was ghastly pale.

"Here," I said, "deposit it." The tone of the words seemed to mean, "let us do this painful thing while the fit is on us."

He took the money and gave it to another clerk. He made me write the sum on a slip and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

"Is it deposited?" I asked, in a hollow, vibrating voice.

"It is," said the accountant.

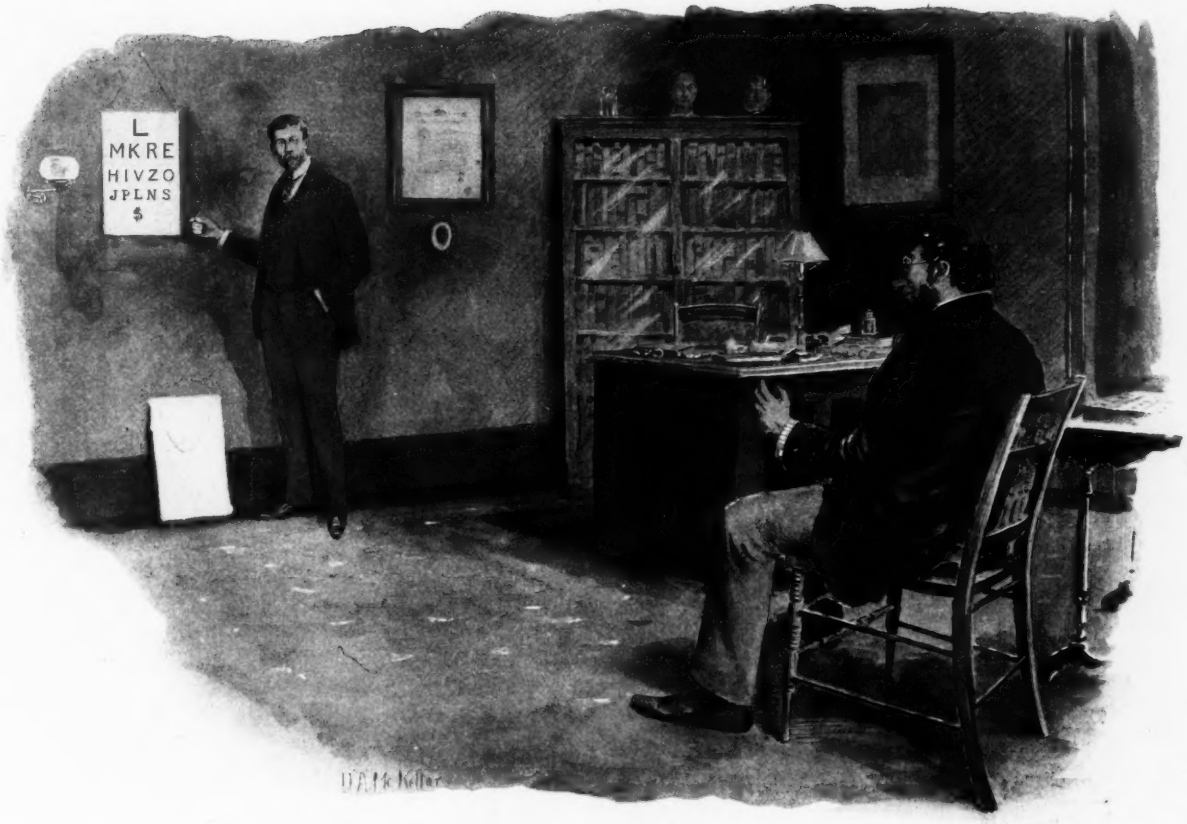
"Then I want to draw a cheque."

My idea was to draw out six dollars of it for present use. Some one gave me a cheque book through a wicket, and some one else began telling me how to write it out. The people in the bank had the impression that I was an invalid

---



To Her Fiancé: I WAS TELLING PAPA TO-DAY OF YOUR NARROW ESCAPE WHEN YOUR DOG CART TURNED OVER, AND HE SAID THAT PROVIDENCE TOOK CARE OF DRUNKEN MEN AND FOOLS, WHICH WAS VERY UNKIND OF HIM. BUT I ASSURED HIM THAT YOU WERE *PERFECTLY SOBER.* THEN HE SAID HE BELIEVED YOU *WERE;* AND WASN'T THAT NICE IN HIM?



Oculist: NOW, TELL ME HOW MANY OF THESE YOU CAN SEE?
"I CAN SEE NODDINGS BUT THE ONE AT THE BOTTOM."

millionaire. I wrote something on the cheque and thrust it in at the clerk. He looked at it.

"What! are you drawing it all out again?" he asked in surprise. Then I realized that I had written fifty-six instead of six. I was too far gone to reason now. I had a feeling that it was impossible to explain the thing. All the clerks had stopped writing to look at me.

Reckless with misery, I made a plunge.

"Yes, the whole thing."

"You withdraw your money from the bank?"

"Every cent of it."

"Are you not going to deposit any more?" said the clerk, astonished.

"Never."

An idiot hope struck me that they might think something had insulted me while I was writing the cheque and that I had changed my mind. I made a wretched attempt to look like a man with a fearfully quick temper.

The clerk prepared to pay the money.

"How will you have it?" he said.

"What?"

"How will you have it?"

"Oh." I caught his meaning and answered without even trying to think, "in fifties."

He gave me a fifty dollar bill.

"And the six?" he asked dryly.

"In sixes," I said.

He gave it me and I rushed out.

As the big doors swung behind me I caught the echo of a roar of laughter that went up to the ceiling of the bank. Since then I bank no more. I keep my money in cash in my trousers pocket, and my savings in silver dollars in a sock.

Stephen Leacock.

CŒLUM NON ANIMUM.

(*Scrap of conversation overheard within sight of the Pyramids.*)

PRESIDENT ELIOT to Mr. Myriad Plunks, of Cincinnati: "Yet the usefulness of the whole institution is crippled and checked for the present by our lack of about $200,000 for the erection of a new reading room for the college library."

WITH what to begin one's dinner is usually a superficial question.



THE FIFTIETH ANN

THE LAST QUE



FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

THE LAST GUEST.



THOSE LIVING PICTURES.

SOME day we Americans may achieve good sense in matters that pertain to art. If we do, it will be long after Mr. Anthony Comstock has ceased to have the power to use the laws of the land to make a living and a collection of queer art objects for his own personal enjoyment. It will also be after that strange organization known as the W. C. T. U. has ceased to provide newspaper notoriety for the females who are its officers.

The matters that suggest these predictions are certain public exhibitions which are not usually treated seriously by journals that appeal to decent-minded people. We refer to the posing of live models in imitations of well-known works of art, not because the exhibitions are artistic or faithful reproductions, but because the subjects chosen are risky and are calculated to appeal to the prurient element of the theatre-going public. That element always exists and will always be catered to, but it is a question of public quarantine to separate it from that general public which desires only that which is clean.

* * *

FOR some months there have been presented at several presumably reputable play-houses in New York and elsewhere so-called "living pictures." The idea was not altogether a novel one, being based on the "tableaux" so prevalent at church entertainments some years ago. Electricity and other modern aids, however, have made it possible to produce these pictures graphically and with a deceptive realism. They were pictures, they had frames about them, and could have been made in a way not only agreeable to the eye but instructive to the popular art instinct. The mind of the theatrical manager, however, grasped the worse part of the proposition and turned it into a device to make money. He saw a chance to use the word "art" to cover indecency and to bring in profits. It was all right if the public would stand it, and the public not only stood it but liked it. The production of these "pictures" at reputable theatres was a license for women to crowd to see them. And they did. These exhibitions have derived more support from the sex they might naturally be supposed to disgust than from the sex they were designed to attract.



THE WALTZ.
BY OUR FIRST AUBREYBEARDSLIST.

* * *

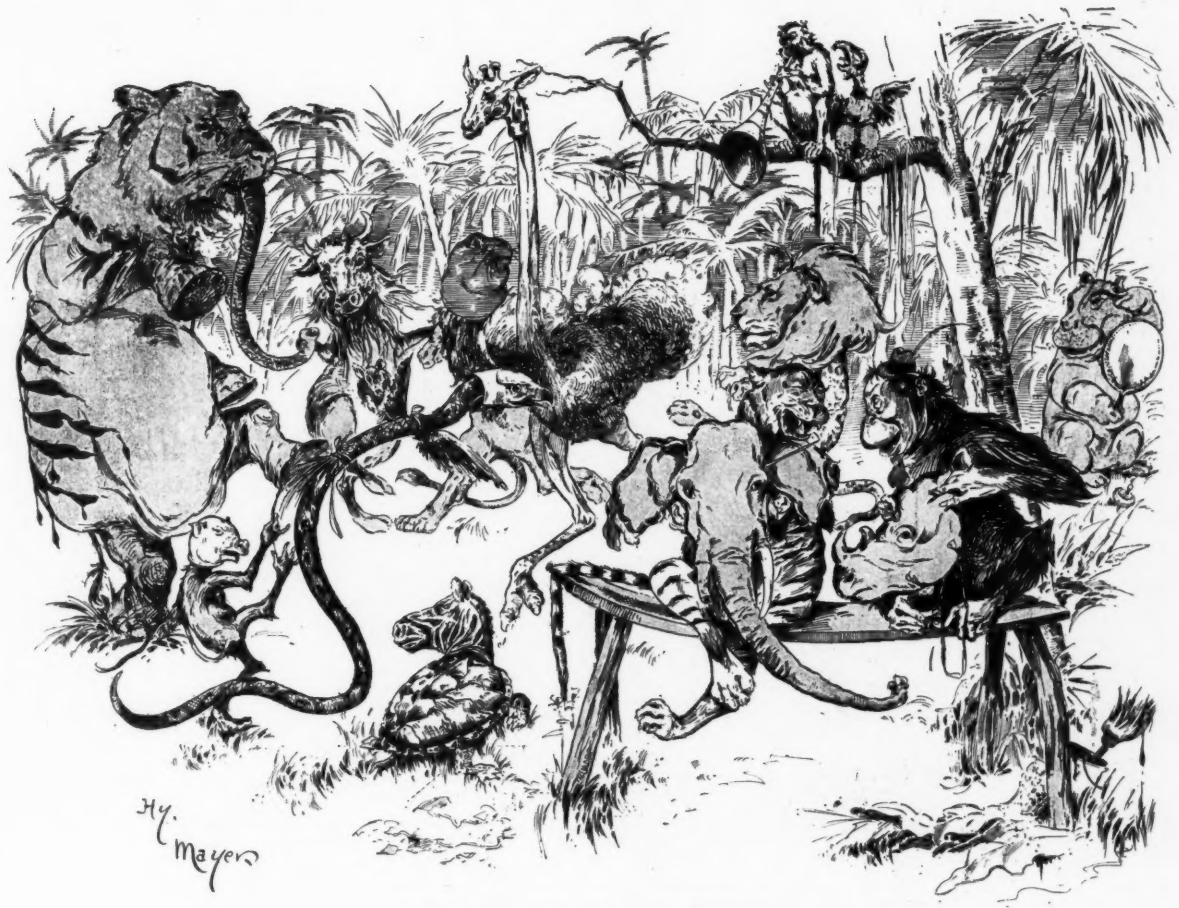
NOW see our hypocrisy as practiced in New York—the presumable art centre of the United States. In the "living pictures" nudity, in so far as color and lighting could imitate it, has been presented to audience after audience without a word of protest. Men, women and yes, even children, have crowded the theatres to witness the spectacle simply because the mantle of "art" was thrown over it. Now comes a theatrical manager inspired with more audacity, perhaps, but actuated by probably no other than the same mercenary motive



THE SANCTITY OF THE MOMENT.

"BILL, I CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR THE STRANGE RELIGIOUS FEELIN' WHAT TAKE PERSESSION OF ME WHENEVER EASTER ARRIVES!"

"IT'S DE SAME WID ME, TOM, THE SAME WID ME. ALL WOT IS GOOD IN MY NATUR' SEEMS TO COME TO DE SURFACE WHEN EASTER GETS HERE." (*After a pause—with a sigh*): "AH, TOM, IF WE COULD ONY HOOK A CHICKIN AN' SOME EGGS HOW WE COULD CELEBRATE DE OCCASION!"



A MASQUERADE IN THE JUNGLE.

which prompted his fellows and produces the actual nude. He shows "statues" instead of "pictures," and the device he uses is really decent compared with the other. In the hands of real artists living persons might be made to imitate bronzes faithfully and beautifully. But because he dares to use for the basis of his entertainment the actual human epidermis, disguised in an unrecognizable bronze instead of in suggestive pink tights, our police, urged on, perhaps, by some over-super-hyper-modest and retiring persons like Mr. Comstock or the W. C. T. U. proceed to arrest him.

* * *

THIS is not intended as a defence of any theatrical manager nor as suggesting that either "living pictures" or "living statues" are a desirable form of public entertainment open to any one who has the price of admission. It is meant for an arraignment of a hypocritical public—of a public that hasn't the courage or sense to be truthful with itself. The truth is, dear public, we've all pretended to be Puritans so long that we are in danger of going to the other extreme and becoming devilish, not because we want to be, but because we think it's smart and are afraid our neighbors will know more wickedness than we do. And our clever theatrical managers are quite alive to this tendency and are using it to their own advantage except where they are not just clever enough to escape the traps which the boss hypocrites lay for them.

Let us be wise. Let us circumvent both the debauching manager and the people who make a living or notoriety out of our hypocrisy. Let us refuse to these individuals our encouragement or financial support. There is enough real art and enough honest art and enough nude art, if you will, needing support to take all the money that ignorance will spend on either "living pictures" or "living statues." And let us on the other hand refuse to relegate into the hands of ignorance or fanaticism the power to say where real art becomes indecency. Let public opinion, as expressed through the public prints and the people's courts, not through a salaried employee nor a fanatic society, be the definer of what is or what is not decent in art.

Metcalfe.

A PARADOX.

I NEVER could quite understand it,
For it seems without reason or rhyme,
That the woman forever demanding her rights
Is the one who gets left every time.

THE VALUE OF AN ENCYCLOPEDIA.

MR. FOSDICK sat in his library reading a newspaper. He threw the sheet aside, rose and went to the bookcase which contains his encyclopedia, and ran his eye along the volumes. He did this two or three times, and then he spoke, making a great effort to be calm, and succeeding about as well as most men succeed when they try to be calm in the bosom of their families. This is what he said:

"One of the unexplained mysteries is why the particular volume in an encyclopedia set which you want to consult is always the one that is missing from the bookcase. Another of the mysteries which I despair of ever hearing satisfactorily explained, is why you people can never return a book to the case after using it."

"Which volume is it you want, dear?" asked Mrs. Fosdick, meekly, she being included in the term "you people," used by Mr. Fosdick.

"I want the volume with the E's in it. There is an allusion to Mount Etna in the newspaper which I want to verify, and that particular volume is the only one of the whole two dozen which isn't in its proper place."

Mrs. Fosdick went to the bookcase and began to search its shelves. Then she looked in another bookcase, but without success, and her husband expressed his unalterable conviction that either his wife or his daughter had removed it from its place and failed to return it.

"I believe Ethel did take it to her room the other day," said Mrs. Fosdick, after a moment's thought.

"Ethel!"

Ethel was curled up in a big leather chair reading a novel, and had taken no part in the discussion.

"Yes, mamma?"

"Didn't you take a volume of the encyclopedia to your room the other day when you had to write an essay on Emerson?"

"I believe I did, mamma."

"You must have left it there. Hurry and bring it down."

Ethel left on her errand, and Mr. Fosdick occupied the time in delivering some extempore remarks on the way women had of dropping things wherever they happened to be, regardless of the place appointed for their keeping. "It makes me so cross," he continued, "to find my books of reference anywhere and everywhere but where they ought to be, that I am seriously considering the advisability of locking up the reference bookcase. Volumes of that character should never be taken from the library, under any circumstances. Now, I am always very particular myself to replace a book on its proper shelf as soon as I am through with it. Well, where is it?" he asked, as Ethel reappeared without the book.

"I remember now, that I brought it back as soon as I was done with it, papa," said Ethel.

"But that's impossible, child. You must have left it somewhere. It isn't in the case."

"O, now I remember!" exclaimed Mrs. Fosdick.

"Well?" queried her husband. "You are the one who took it away and forgot to bring it back, are you?"

"No, sir, it was you, yourself! Don't you remember that you got

HOW TWO WICKED BEARS WERE PUNISHED.







interested in an article on Egypt, and brought it up to my room to read it to me night before last?"

"I—I—I believe I did."

"It's in my room yet, I know. I saw it this morning and I intended to bring it down to the library. Ethel, I think you'll find it on the bureau in my room."

Miss Fosdick made another trip upstairs, and her father maintained a stolid silence during her absence. When she returned she had the missing volume in her hands. Mr. Fosdick took it and began to turn its leaves in silence, as the incident seemed to call for no further comment from him. His wife said nothing, either. She simply thought.

Presently there was another impatient exclamation from Mr. Fosdick.

"What is it now, dear?" she asked.

"Look at that," he replied, pointing to a place on the open page. She looked and read this line:

"Etna. See Ætna." *William Henry Siviter.*



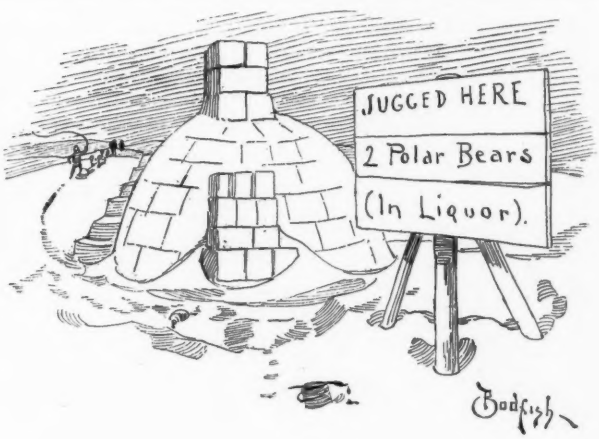




"THERE, I AM GETTING WET! THAT'S JUST LIKE YOU MEN; ALWAYS THINKING OF YOURSELVES!"

AT EASTER-TIDE.

THE birds carol hymns at Easter-tide,
The bells chime through this old world wide,
The trees put forth their tender buds,
And fashion dons her new spring duds.



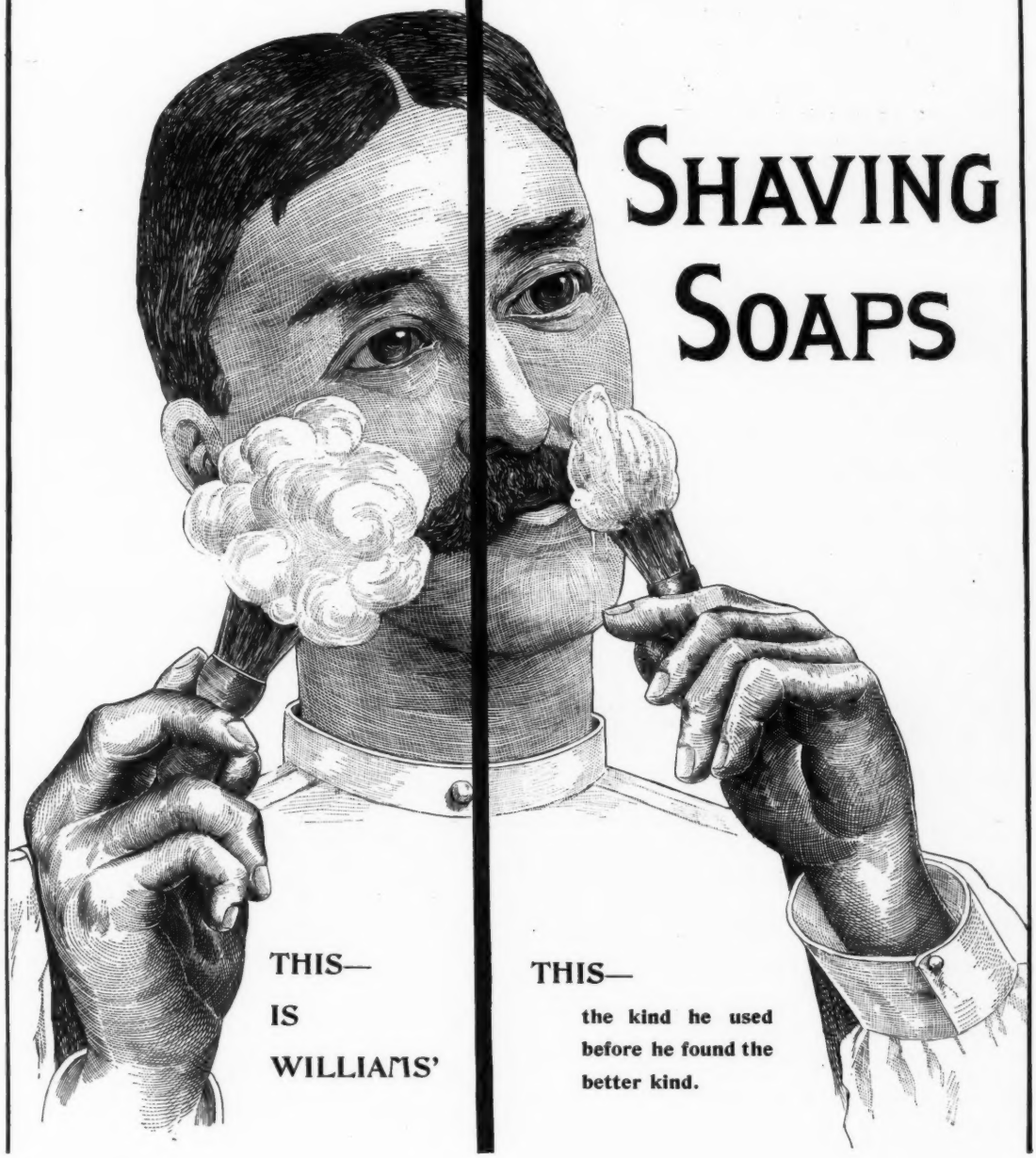


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MANY years ago, at the celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims, in New York City, much to Archbishop Hughes' surprise he was invited to be one of the guests, and, perhaps to their surprise, also, he accepted. Among those who spoke on that occasion there was not lacking a sly dab at the church, which forms a part of the proceedings; but all in good fellowship. Finally the Archbishop was called upon to respond to a toast, which he did in his usual happy manner, and ended by proposing: "*Plymouth Rock the Blarney Stone of America!*"—*Boston Transcript.*

A GOOD old Methodist lady attending service in a suburban Episcopal church became happy under the preaching of the word, and ejaculated "Glory!" She was admonished to keep quiet by two of the brethren, and nodded assent, but soon becoming forgetful, responded "Hallelujah!" The brethren again called her attention to the annoyance and told her that if she did not keep quiet they would be compelled to remove her. The sermon proceeded, and the old lady, becoming very happy and forgetful of her surroundings, shouted out: "Glory to God!" This was too much for the brethren, and they tried to lead her out; but she refused to walk, so they carried her. On the way she said:

"I am honored above my Master, for while He was carried by an ass, I am carried by two."—*Oskaloosa Herald.*

"THERE was quite a fight in front of the store to-day," said a Rockland man at the supper table. "Two men got into a row, one struck the other, and then the crowd gathered. The man who was struck ran and grabbed a cart-stake, and rushed back, his eyes blazing. I thought sure he'd knock the other man's brains out, and I stepped right in between them." The young heir had given over eating his tart as the narrative proceeded and his eyes leaned right out of his head. He was proud of his father's valor and he cried: "He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?" The old man looked long and curiously at the heir, but the lad's countenance was frank and innocent and open. When it closed with the tart on the inside the father gasped slightly and resumed his supper.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

BY some chance a member of congress, not in Washington, had fallen into the clutches of a policeman.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked, with the same manner he would have employed had he been in Washington.

"I can't say that I do," replied the policeman, willing to please.

"I am a member of congress, sir," and the statesman's chest puffed out, albeit he was rather unsteady on his legs.

"Sh—sh," exclaimed the officer, warningly. "Don't give it away and you'll get a lighter sentence."—*Exchange.*

"HERE, Benny," said Mr. Bloombumper to his young son, as the latter started to church, "is a 5-cent piece and a quarter. You can put which you please into the contribution box."

Benny thanked his papa and went to church. Curious to know which coin Benny had given, his papa asked him when he returned and Benny replied:

"Well, papa, it was this way: The preacher said the Lord loved a cheerful giver, and I knew I could give a nickel a good deal more cheerfully than I could give a quarter, so I put the nickel in."—*Exchange.*

EX-SENATOR EVARTS paid a visit to the scene of his many former triumphs during the late session. He took a seat on the floor of the Senate and was soon surrounded by a small host of senators. It may not be generally known, but he is the possessor of a veritable fund of dry and ready wit. He was given, in the preparation of his speeches and opinions, to exceedingly long and involved though perfectly lucid sentences. This gave rise to more or less jocular criticism on the part of the press. Some one mentioned it to Evarts one day. His eye twinkled as he said: "Yes, I know there are two classes of people who are very much opposed to long sentences; one is telegraph operators and the other is criminals."—*Washington News.*

A YOUNG lady organist in a church was captivated with the young pastor of a church in the next street, and was delighted to hear one week that by exchange he was to preach the next Sunday in her own church. The organ was pumped by an obstreperous old sexton, who would often stop when he thought the organ voluntary had lasted long enough. This day the organist was anxious that all should go well, and as the service was about to begin she wrote a note intended solely for the sexton's eye. He took it, and in spite of her agonized beckonings carried it straight to the preacher. What was that gentleman's astonishment when he read: "Oblige me this morning by blowing away till I give you a signal to stop.—Miss Allen."—*Montreal Star.*

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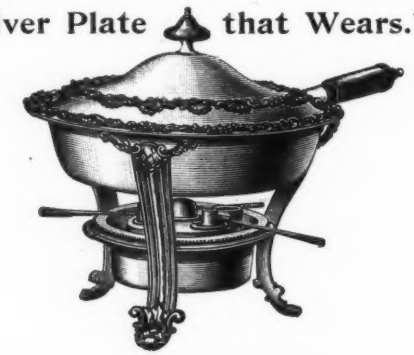
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"SAY, Mickey, wot's Trilby?"

"Hully gee! Trilby ain't a nawthin'. Trilby's a dame. Why don't yer read, Jimmy?"

"Well, den, who's Trilby?"

"Oh, youse fellers make me tired. Youse don't know nawthin'. I read de book up at de doctor's. Trilby was a dame wot wuz bro't up in de Fourt' ward in Paris. Her old man wuz a preacher, but got ter hittin' de bottle too lively and her old lady slung gin in a joint. Dey got stuck on each other and hitched up, but de booze got de best of dem and dey croaked in Paris and left two kids. De girl was Trilby, but the boy kid don't cut no ice in de story. De girl wuz a dandy and some painter bloke got stuck on her shape and made a model of her to drawer from. Den dey all got a-paintin' her and makin' chalk images of her left foot or somethin' and so she met three English guys who wuz in Paris learnin' paintin'. There wuz a big bloke, bigger'n Corbett, and a Scotch mug and a little dude. Of course, Trilby's old man bein' English, she fell right in wid his push, and soon she wuz mendin' deir socks and right to home wid dem.

"Bimeby the big fellow got spooney, but youse kids can't understand that part of it. Anny way, the little dude wuz the winner. Dat's just like de wimmen, dey don't know when dey got a good thing. If she'd made a play fer the big guy I think he'd a flew the coop with her and den the story wouldn't ha' been ritten. But the kid wuz the winner, ez I sed, but she gev him de marble heart because she know'd she'd been sittin' round wid de painters widout no close on and his folks mightn't like it. So den a dago wat wuz a great musiciner got in wid de gang and of course he got stuck on Trilby, too. He wasn't no good except for playin' the pianer and wuz always pullin' some one's leg and wouldn't give any one the glad hand who was fool enough to rough-up—well, anny way, when the kid told her he'd skip if she didn't marry him, she weakened and said all right. Den de kid's ma cum over from London and put the blinkers on the whole racket and made Trilby fire him, see? Den de dude took sick and de dame went on de bum for a while when she met de dago and he mesmerized her, same as de bloke did does guys up at Dorises museum last week, and hully ge! how she could sing when she was asleep—no, I mean when she was under his influence. Well, in a few years she made a big hit all over Europe and come to London, and wot d'yer think? De night she wuz to make her dabe—dat means her first appearance, see?—didn't de dago drop ded in the box scared t'deth of the big feller I wuz tellin' yer about, wot was stuck on Trilby in Paris, who wuz in the theayter dat night. Gee! den dere wuz fun! She couldn't sing a little bit because de dago wuzn't dere to mezmerize her, and she got sick and the little dude got sick; but annyway, dey both croaked. But you'se couldn't tumble to dat part of the story. But if you'se could read and understand dere's lots I couldn't tell about dat would make yer leak even if you wuz tuff. The big feller wuz a corker and de kid wuz a game one, too, but yer can't phaze wimmin. My Maag is jest de same way. Hully gee!"—*Newark Sunday Call.*

THE other day a great gaunt colored man entered the express office, and edging up to the man in charge took off his hat and asked if there had been anything received for George Washington.

The clerk looked at the man searchingly, and then with a knowing air remarked:

"Ah, what game are you trying to work on me now? He's been dead long ago."

This story is much the same as the story about the Congressman who declared in an address to the House:

"As Daniel Webster says in his great dictionary."

"It was Noah who wrote the dictionary," whispered a colleague, who sat at the next desk.

"Noah, nothing," replied the speaker. "Noah built the ark."—*Florida Citizen.*

"YOU don't seem to admire young Lankins," said one girl.

"I don't," replied the other. "He is the champion all round clumsy man. He handles a tennis racket as if it were a chafing dish, and a chafing dish as if it were a tennis racket."—*Washington Star.*

Trilby.

If Trilby, idol of the hour,
Could make the soul rejoice,
And sway hearts with the magic power,
And beauty of her voice,
She might have charmed both, don't you [see
(Let critics sneer and carp)
Ten thousand times as quick, if she
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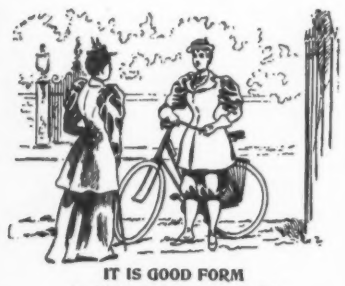
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